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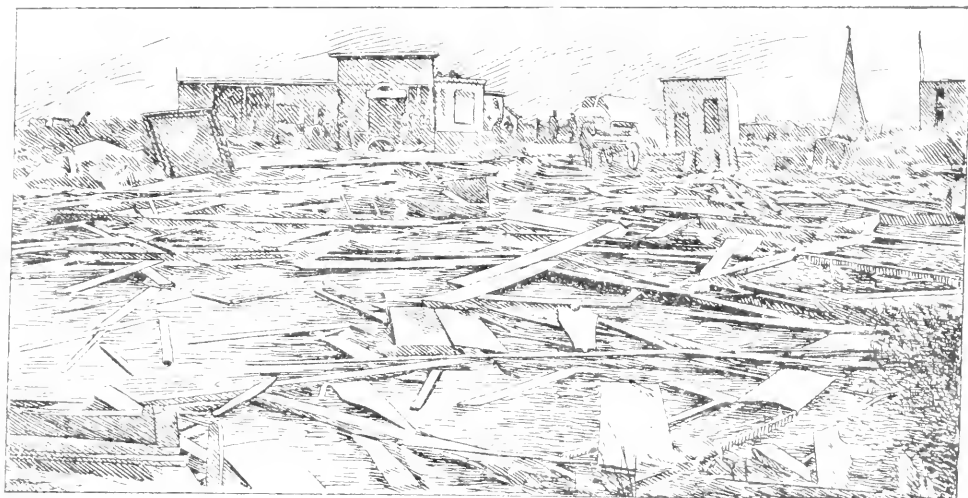
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SECOND SERIES.

# THE VOICE OF THE ·CYCLONE·



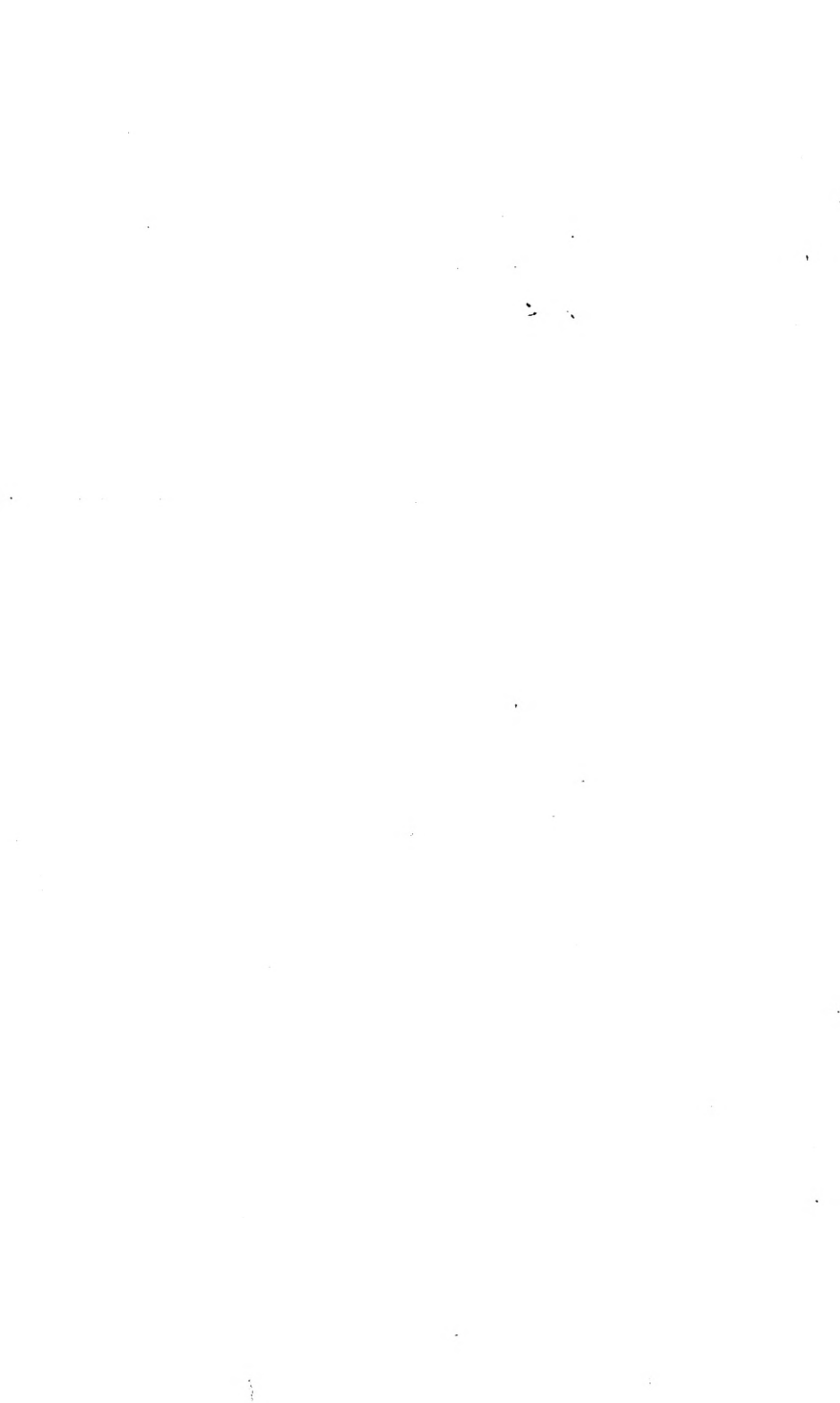
## ON SEA AND LAND.

ROBERT CHAWNER PUBLISHER.

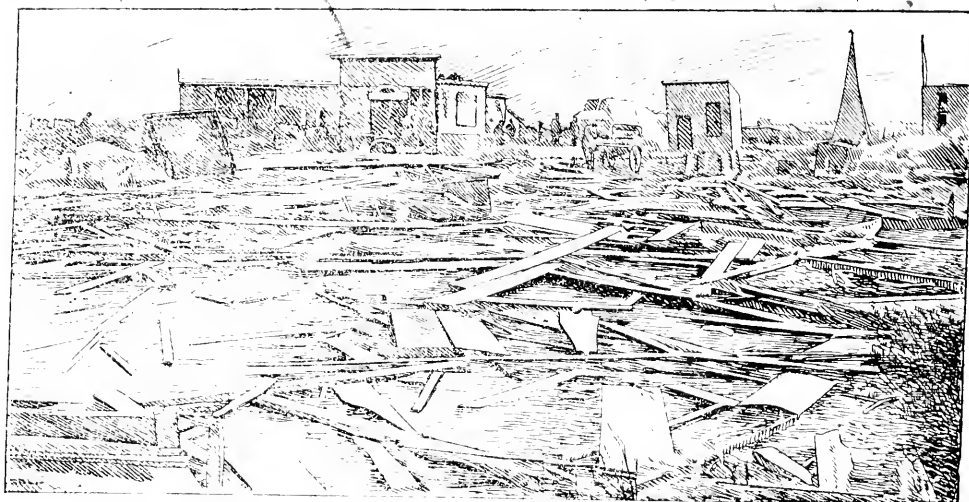
325 1/2 ST. N. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Third Series, "The Crow's Parliament."



THE VOICE  
OF THE  
CYCLONE.



ON  
SEA AND LAND.

ROBERT CHAWNER, PUBLISHER.

323 4<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> St. N. W.,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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## PREFACE.

It is the opinion of the writer, that cyclones and their destructive effects, occurring with such regularity every year, should receive more attention from all thoughtful people than is usually accorded to them in the daily press. The tornadoes of the present month alone [March 1893] have destroyed more than two millions of property, besides a great number of persons who were either killed or maimed for life. The States which suffered most were Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, Arkansas, Alabama, Missouri, Indiana and other places.

If one may judge by the conduct of most of our people, it would seem that tornadoes, floods, earthquakes, volcanos, and other manifestation of omnipotence, are such very trifles in themselves, in comparison with the great catch-penny interests of the day, that they only excite a momentary curiosity, and leave no permanent impression, save when their own pecuniary interests are concerned.

By reference to the appendix, the reader may easily perceive that all the incidents recorded in the following rhymes did not all take place at the same time or locality, but occurred at various points in the States in the past year. And although the hundredth part has not been written, yet enough has been set forth to enforce the great truths the author means to convey.

EASTER MONDAY, 1893.

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To the Rev. Joseph Reynolds, Jr., Rector of St. Mary's Church,  
Mott Haven, New York City.

The author's works are respectfully dedicated.

"Come behold the works of the Lord what desolations he  
hath made in the earth." *Psalms 46:8.*

"Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind.  
*Psalms 48:7.*

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# THE VOICE OF THE CYCLONE

—ON—

## Sea and Land.

When the wild geese\* north are going, farmers then  
are busy sowing

Golden grain from Ceres storehouse, as their fathers  
did before.

Then the mallard and the widgeon, snipe, and teal and  
the wood pigeon

Fly in thousands o'er the prairie to the far Canadian  
shore,

There secure from gun and bludgeon, rear their young  
forevermore.

How high the cranes and wild geese soar.

\*Last winter W. D. Little, one of the adobe farmers on the west of the town, shot into a band of geese. A white gander was struck and one wing broken. Mr. Little took the goose home and gave him to his boys, who doctored his wing, and he soon became so tame as to follow the boys wherever they went, eat from their hands and even poke his head into their pockets for corn and wheat. A few days ago a band of wild geese, flying over the premises and making their usual clatter, attracted the attention of the domesticated gander, which gave an outlandish display of quacking and shrill yells in goose language that had a most startling effect with the band flying past. A fine white goose was seen to leave the band and shoot down until it landed in the yard at the side of the pet, and the meeting was demonstrative to an exciting degree. Their gabbling, quacking and amusing antics afforded as much fun for the boys, who witnessed the meeting, as they could have found at a circus. The new arrival, which is probably a mate of the now tame goose, refuses to leave, but will fly over the fence when the two are approached by the boys, and then fly back to the mate when the boys step aside.—*Biggs (Butte County) Argus.*

Wounded cranes will fight like lancers; with their beaks  
they're splendid fencers;  
Sportsmen wise will not molest them, lest they fall  
into a snare.  
When they make their sudden dashes, on your cheeks  
they'll plant some gashes;  
Chase you over fields and ditches as a dog pursues a  
hare;  
Send you home without a breeches, while the neighbors  
at you stare;  
Wherefore sirs I say beware.

Some are bound (we tell no stories) for the Artic circle  
glories;  
There the heavens with their beauty, lure the artist  
more and more.  
Orange into yellow shading, violet into lilac fading,  
Twilight splendours sunsets, glory on the far Alaskan  
shore;  
Purple, yellow, crimson fusing round the polar door,  
Russia's flag waves there no more.

From the south the wind is blowing; feathered hosts  
are northward going;  
Bluebirds, finches, larks and thrushes, doves and wrens  
and chicadees;  
Friend art thou of birds a lover, mark the reed birds,  
rail and plover;  
See those kites how high they hover o'er the titmouse  
and pewee,  
How the buntings fly to cover, while the warblers  
from them flee,  
Safe in the shelter of a tree.

See the clouds with sunshine beaming, on the hill tops  
glory streaming;  
Every insect now is humming, every dew drop flushing  
light;  
Now the rainbow spans the valley. Out O friends and  
with me sally,  
While the radance seems to dally o'er the meadows  
green and bright;  
Hear the joyful thrill of gladness from each bush and  
tree and height;  
What a banquet of delight.

Now the stillness is unbroken, and the prophets give  
no token  
That a frightful change is coming, darkening all the  
earth and skies,  
Thunder, lightning is the token, Majesty itself has  
spoken;  
When the hurricane and tempest, and the fierce tornado  
flies;  
Sudden! yes, and unexpected takes good people by sur-  
prise;  
When the wind at night doth rise.

Woods and forests once in beauty, now no longer do  
their duty,  
Holding back the rain and moisture, dying verdure to  
restore;  
Shall we say in this connection forests were our grand  
protection.  
Since the forests they are stripping, floods come down  
with thundering roar;  
Even saplings they're clipping, babies from their  
mother's tore,  
Wounding nature to the core.

Planted without hands or labor, growing each beside  
his neighbor,  
On the mountain slope or valley, where the water  
courses flow ;  
Planted without hands or labor, like the cedars on  
Mount Tabor ;  
Shelter, shade and food refreshing, from the sun and  
wind and snow ;  
Signs and monuments of ages, teaching all the wise to  
know,  
Man's a pilgrim here below.

Some for centuries were growing, twenty hundreds  
plainly showing,\*  
Grand, majestic, graceful, towering, who their age doth  
celebrate ;  
Ere the Saxon or Roman faced the Britons and their  
bowmen,  
Saplings were these giant gum trees, who their height  
can calculate ;  
Higher than the great sequoias, found in California  
State.  
Feet four hundred seventy eight.

\*The Bo-Tree of Ceylon is, in all probability, *the oldest historical tree in the world*. It was planted 288 years before Christ. Compared with it, the Oak of Ellerslie is but a sapling, and the Conqueror's Oak in Windsor Forest barely numbers half its years. The Yew-trees of Fountaine Abbey are believed to have flourished there twelve hundred years ago; the Olives in the Garden of Gethsemane were full-grown when the Saracens were expelled from Jerusalem; and the Cypress of Soma, in Lombardy, is said to have been a tree in the time of Julius Caesar; yet the Bo-Tree is older than the oldest of these, by a century, and would almost seem to verify the prophecy pronounced when it was planted, that it would "flourish and be green forever."

Soon shall we dry up the rivers, stop the mills with  
looms and weavers.

Shall we let the christian savage hew down all the  
forest trees,

Change the climate, cheat the reaper, just for pulp to  
make brown paper?

Where is now the joyful reaper with his bosom full of  
sheaves?

On the banks of Don and Dnieper—how each patriot  
heat it grieves,

When no harvest there he sees.

Ah! distinctly I remember oft in June or mild Septem-  
ber,

Herds of antelope and bison browsing on the praries  
wide,

Slaughtered were they without number, (like the trees,  
only for lumber),

By those streams that once grew timber, for the price  
of paltry hide;

There the sage cocks brood could slumber, and the  
ruffled grouse could hide,

'Neath the willows by their side.

Our poor Indian though a savage, never yet did nature  
ravage,

Awe and wonder venerating natures great mysterious  
power;

Reverence deep doth he inherit for the great eternal  
Spirit,

When the thunder and the lightning flash destruction  
to our door;

When the spring the earth's renewing, views with love  
each bud and flower,

Grateful for her plenteous store.

Science (though her wares she's crying) never yet could  
find him buying ;

"Trash" saith he, "its next to lying, it can never make us  
blest."

Science is the devils cooing, while he has some trouble  
brewing ;

White squaw listened to his wooing, gave her know-  
ledge—not the best ;

What is he to this day doing? robbing life of all its  
zeast.

"White squaw never is at rest."

Trusting to the all-wise Father, much he never cared  
to gather

Piles of gold and brick and lumber—food sufficient for  
the hour ;

Gather much we fools discover, dying have we nothing  
over,

Like the manna in the omer, what was over soon got  
sour ;

Who for wealth will be a rover, find, shall he when  
life is over,

Wealth a shadow, nothing more.

Think O man how great the pleasure, joy was theirs  
that know no measure,

When the angels (God inviting) saw the worlds in  
space flash by ;

Agès worked he at his leisure, making earth his choicest  
treasure ;

Think O man how great their pleasure, shouted they  
for joy ;

Think O man how great the treasure he hath given  
thee to enjoy,

Wherefore wilt thou it destroy.

Now have we deranged the weather, pay men well to  
 tell us whither  
 Cyclones come, their course, suspecting their duration  
 and their power ;  
 Aiding farmers in selecting, (after study and reflecting)  
 Cyclones that injure less or more those from mountain  
 or from shore,  
 Pardon beg we if reflecting on the famous signal  
 corps  
 At Washington or Baltimore.

Men have we who mend the weather,\* making rain as  
 men make leather ;  
 When the soil is dry and parching, sending rain in  
 plenteous store.  
 Ye great men who mend the weather, tell us truly, truly  
 whether  
 Sunshine too for wintry weather why not send to each  
 man's door.  
 Twins are they that none can sever, sunshine, rain,  
 forever more ;  
 Send us both we now implore.

\*DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY,  
*Washington, D. C., June 30, 1891.*

SIR: Your appointment as special agent of this Department is hereby extended and continued for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1882. Your duties, as heretofore, will be making of "experiment" in the production of rainfall," in pursuance of the provision for the same in the appropriations of this Department for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1892. You are hereby authorized to take full charge of said experiments and incur any expenses therefor that in your judgment are necessary, not exceeding the sum of \$7,000. You are authorized to engage any experts, to purchase and have transported any material, and make said experiments in any place you choose, and the traveling expenses of yourself and employes, your own compensation, and all expenses, will be paid out of said fund. You are authorized to do things you may deem necessary in the premises for a complete trial of your experiment ; and all expenses herein authorized are to be properly presented, on vouchers, to this Department on or before the expiration of this commission.

Respectfully,

J. M. RUSK,  
*Secretary.*

MR. ROBERT G. DYRENFORTH,  
*Washington, D. C.*

With balloons both light and airy, mounting up like  
any fairy,  
Near the clouds where eagles wary, watch your move-  
ments every hour ;  
Pierce the clouds with clubs and wattles, cork the sun-  
beams up in bottles ;  
Hogsheads, demijohns and barrels, kegs and puncheons  
by the score ;  
Coming down ye need not hurry, 'less your bags be  
rent or tore,  
Gods ye'll be that all adore.

Clouds across the sky were flitting, while I by the fire  
was sitting,  
Pondering over ancient pages and the worthies of the  
days of yore,  
When the mastiff crouched for petting, while the angry  
clouds were getting—  
Blacker—then he courted petting which, he never did  
before ;  
Strange lights played on the ceiling, next danced upon  
the floor,  
Ere the rain began to pour.

Brutes, they say have double vision, or some sort of  
intuition ;  
When a spirits' on a mission, oft to shield, defend or  
slay,  
Others say its superstition ; never have they such com-  
mission.  
Yet an angel had permission, (so they said in Balaam's  
day)  
When a brute came in collison, with an angel in the  
way,  
When for greed he far did stray.



Some the price of hogs were quoting, others busy were  
in noting,  
Who should fill the highest station, when the voting  
day be o'er;  
Women busy were in baking, others fancy dresses mak-  
ing;  
Some were hats and ribbons matching, newly pur-  
chased at the store;  
Dresses silken some were patching 'mong the prattlers  
on the floor,  
Dresses that they'll want no more.

While of politics discoursing, others were engaged in  
forcing  
Prices up of lands and houses, farms and homesteads  
by the score;  
While a cyclone young lay nursing, when he's grown  
he'll end discoursing  
Politics in many places; what cares he for rich or  
poor,  
On his way he'll soon be coursing, many States he'll  
travel o'er,  
From Wellington to Baltimore.

Some poor wretches he'll find napping; comes he with  
no gentle tapping,  
Like some friend that's gently rapping, rapping at a  
neighbour's door.  
But with violence astounding man, and all his works  
confounding;  
On his way he'll soon bounding, bursting in the iron  
door  
Like a ship that's doomed and gronnding where all cere-  
mony is o'er,  
When she sinks to rise no more.

Presently the air grew colder, while the storm without  
grew bolder,  
Then I summon every shoulder, knee and muscle to  
the door.  
Ah ! it was a dreadful tussle, straining every nerve and  
muscle,  
While the frightened children nestle in a corner on the  
floor ;  
While the babies cries were louder, louder than I ever  
heard before,  
Till the dreadful storm was o'er.

All the air is in commotion, grand, sublime, as when  
the ocean  
Booms its billows and its breakers on the wild Atlan-  
tic shore.  
Petreel and albatross crossing ships that by the waves  
are tossing ;  
Waves in tumult madly tossing barks so frail with all  
their power ;  
Fleets and sailors madly tossing, all the sail to ribbons  
tore :  
Till the hurricane is o'er.

Whirlwinds of dust and cinders now the range of vision  
hinders,  
Clashing clouds next madly flying, now exchange elec-  
tric fire.  
Hear the doors and windows creaking, while the  
stannchest house is leaking ;  
Where no man could find a crevice with a needle or a  
wire,  
Water with such fury driven lanes and streets are now  
a mire.  
What is worse than water—fire.

See the wretches helter-skelter, flying anywhere for  
shelter  
From the dreadful flashing lightning, to some open  
friendly door.  
Fright gives them the deadly pallor, seeking any cave  
or cellar  
Till the lightning, dreadful lightning and the hurricane  
be o'er ;  
'Tis the prelude to the cyclone with its deadly work in  
store ;  
      'Tis the prelude, nothing more.

Mights and powers are now contending, on the earth  
their fury spending,  
Like the passions and the furies raging in the breast  
within ;  
Darkness there its aid is lending to the fate for us im-  
pending,  
Like the darkness of Mount Sinai showing Israel their  
sin.  
Mercy too from heaven was bending hearts to soften  
and to win,  
      In that wilderness of Zin.

Now a new horror is impending, from the mountain  
top descending,  
Comes an avalanche with fury, down the mountains  
steepest side ;  
For a mountain now is flowing, every thing before it  
going ;  
Every thing before it sweeping, earth and rocks and  
forests wide,  
Piles of hemlock, spruce and maple, floating in the  
surging tide,  
      Carried down by the landslide.

Now the ocean's bed is quaking and the solid earth is  
    shaking,  
While volcanoes are in action, half a dozen if not  
    more,  
And the waters through are leaking, while the crust is  
    quickly breaking.  
Who the fires within are raking, while its furnaces  
    doth roar;  
For its slimy bed is shaking while the waters through  
    doth pour.  
    Frightful is volcanic power.

Ah ! it was a sight appalling, chimneys, gables 'round  
    us falling ;  
Hear the windows, how they rattle, casements forced in  
    by the score ;  
See the frightened, flying cattle, flying from great  
    natures battle.  
Through the woods the storm now dashes with terrific  
    crush and roar,  
Houses by the score it crashes, bursting in at every  
    door.  
    Prelude to the cyclone, nothing more.

Rivers from the clouds are falling, men to cattle loud  
    are bawling,  
Sheets of fire and sheets of water ; fields are lakes, and  
    lakes are seas ;  
Meteors everywhere are glaring, stoutest hearts there'  
    badly scaring ;  
Men who swore there was no deluge, now are wading  
    to their knees.  
Shall there be a future hell-age ? Aye, doubt it reader  
    as you please,  
    Men grow hardened by degress.

Scenes are here that far surpass bog or fen or wild  
morass,  
Quagmire, sleugh or dismal swamp without rushes or  
the reeds ;  
Hogs and chicken coops are floating ; some poor  
wretches take to boating,  
While from the house-tops some are noting many great  
heroic deeds ;  
While the water madly surging over everything it rides.  
Who can stop the flowing tide ?

Never yet hath Gaul or Norsemen, with their swords  
and spears and horsemen,  
Beat with such terrific fury, as the hail beat on our  
door.  
Even churches they were crumbled, while tombstones  
they were jumbled  
All together, like the British and the Sepoys at Cawn-  
pore,  
Where the savages were humbled as they never were  
before.  
Where Britian rules forevermore.

Some there be that heed no teachers till there come  
those mighty preachers,  
Earthquakes, floods, cyclones, volcanos, nature then  
asserts her power,  
While the devil is deceiving all the foolish unbe-  
lieving.  
“Earthquakes, famines, pestilences, we have often seen  
before,”  
How can such things be a prelude to the dreadful  
judgment hour,  
“When we saw them oft before?”

Shall the sun and the clouds with moisture shed o'er  
earth both life and verdure,  
Or with energy destructive, desolate our earth once  
more?

Foolish man knows not his master, who can check or  
send disaster;

Tho' our folly brought it faster, faster to our nations  
door;

Trees no more retain their moisture, for the forests are  
no more;

What folly could have done more;

Why should sun and stars for ages work for us with-  
out their wages,

Fruitful seasons to us sending corn and wine a plenteous  
store?

Why should moon and tides attending thankless  
creatures us befriending,

From diseases us defending, sweeping filth from each  
man's door,

When our ways we are not mending, when there's  
strife now every hour?

Deadly strife 'tween rich and poor.

Now who careth for his neighbor, what's this capital  
and labor,

Brawling, murmuring, striking, fighting, discontented  
every hour?

Soon will need the knife and sabre, kill each man his  
next door neighbor.

What's the cause of this behavior, heartless rich and  
thankless poor?

Who will be his country's saviour, pierce the evil to the  
core?

Thanks he'll have forevermore.

Man so wretched and so feeble, does he need from  
powers of evil,

Power and grace protecting till his pilgrimage is o'er ;  
Travelling, working, waking, sleeping, not one step  
without God's keeping.

Would the ancient sages wander in the foolish days of  
yore ?

Men of science read and ponder—what great truths  
have you in store

That shall live when time is o'er ?

Men of science (who revile us) what think ye of Paul  
and Silas,

Praises singing in the prison, when an earthquake  
shakes the floor ?

Was the earthquake slave or master, did it speed them  
on the faster ?

What said Paul to the shipmaster when all hope of life  
was o'er ?

Storms and waves bring no disaster when the Lord  
I serve is near ;

Wherefore sir, be of good cheer.

Read we in the old evangel, men devout prayed for an  
angel

Night and day with tears entreating, heaven to guard  
their house and store.

Now who sues to heaven for blessing, all is business,  
ease and dressing.

Holy thoughts with men are fleeting as the clouds of  
morning o'er ;

Angels, blessed angels, greeting, guard the sons of toil  
no more,

Like the saintly days of yore.

When the cyclone struck Towanda, like the storm that  
struck the Armada,  
Ships full many with their cannon to bombard old  
England's shore ;  
Sails were into ribbons tattered, ships were into  
splinters shattered ;  
Frigates, galleys full of sailors ; Phillip sent full many  
a score,  
By the tempest they were battered, scattered on the  
Spanish shore.  
Who ever did the loss deplore ?

Born of sunshine, cloud and vapor, sun the sower and  
the reaper ;  
On the mountain or the ocean, where the eagle oft doth  
soar,  
There the thunder and lightning, oft the Indian sad is  
frightening ;  
On the earth its power its spending to destroy or to re-  
store ;  
Bread for man and beast God sendeth day by day to  
each man's door ;  
Thankless creatures evermore.

Shapen like a fiery column, grand the sight, sublime  
and solemn,  
Like the fiery cloudy pillar that appeared on Egypt's  
shore ;  
Comes it with revolving motion, over land and lake  
and ocean.  
How the very earth is quaking, shaking mountains to  
the core ;  
Such a quaking and a shaking in the centuries before,  
On the tragic Red Sea shore.



Some from India's West come hailing, catching small  
craft slowly sailing

From St. Thomas, or Barbadoes, while their way they  
calmly beat.

Happy he who warns the sailor, be it brig, or bark, or  
whaler,

"Heralds" the approach of danger by his cable or his  
sheet,

He to fame shall be no stranger where the learned oft  
doth meet ;

Him the mariner shall greet.

Rising oft, and oft-times stooping like an eagle, comes  
it swooping

Down on mansions, houses, stables, while the hail and  
rain doth pour.

Swiftly as an eagle, snatching roofs of houses up, its  
catching,

Lifting up and then down, dashing houses, both of rich  
and poor ;

O ! the dreadful, dreadful smashing, great is its electric  
power ;

O ! the terrors of that hour.

Here it comes with power majestic, black without, with-  
in electric,

Bounding, leaping, seething, hissing with its dreadful  
crash and roar.

See it dancing on the river, how the oaks and beeches  
quiver ;

God, O God ! our souls deliver, speed them to some  
friendly open door.

Now it is across the river, no time mercy to implore,  
When destruction's at our door.

Short ten minutes, all is over, sally forth till we discover  
What appalling sights and visions cyclones leave for us  
in store,  
Fences, barns, and endless lumber, every path and road  
encumber ;  
Tho' the deluge and the tempest and the thunderbolts  
are o'er,  
Many killed how great their number, hasten now till  
we explore ;  
How shall we the sights endure.

Little Willie's picking cherries, where's the child, the  
tree, the berries?  
While the mights and powers thus wrestle, and the de-  
luge down doth pour,  
Fiercely was the tree uprooted, though an instant it  
disputed  
With the fury of the tempest, Willie poor Willie, is no  
more.  
Mother's to her Willie' flying, crying that he is no  
more ;  
Only one of many score.

Foolish Joe a nest was stealing, while the thunder loud  
was pealing ;  
Where is Joe, and where's the sparrows, now the hurri-  
cane is o'er?  
How the fathers heart it harrows, finds he Joe and his  
young sparrows ;  
To his home his Joe he carries, stained all over in his  
gore ;  
Who can tell the days he marries what the griefs for  
him in store,  
Till his pilgrimage is o'er.

One poor father, the bread winner, sitting down to un-  
touched dinner,  
Killed beside his wife and daughter, who were hurled  
to the floor.  
Who will be the next poor sinner sitting down to un-  
touched dinner?  
Many cyclones every summer shall be, till eighteen  
ninety-four;  
Many houses crushed each summer by the awful cy-  
clones power,  
When the angry clouds doth lower.

Haste ye neighbours verifying, by your witness certify-  
ing  
Where the churches and the houses stood, now the  
hurricane is o'er;  
Hasten to the children crying; hasten to the widows  
sighing.  
Here the cyclones desolation leaves the impress of its  
power;  
Need have they of consolation in this sad and dread-  
ful hour.  
Homeless are they now, and poor.

Clear of wires electric stepping, over cattle dead, now  
leaping  
Over oaks and elms and beaches, and the shady syc-  
amore;  
Waters over bridges leaping; where's the towers that  
watch were keeping?  
Giant trees lie cleft asunder by the lightnings vivid  
power;  
Fields of grain, how great their number, ruined in one  
fifth an hour.  
Orchards too have felt its power.

See those gaunt unsightly gables, what remains of mansions stables.

What lies here?—the printing presses, with their type strewn in the mire ;

Whence came all our modern bables, but from printing lies and fables?

Here too lie the broken tables ; where men wrote strange things for hire.

What becomes of lies and fables, reader, friend, doest thou enquire ?

Fuel for devouring fire.

Here they kept the toys called engines, ah, the cyclone had his vengeance ;

Swifter than the locomotive, stronger thousand times or more.

Here in splinters lie the coaches, ground to fragments, like the roaches

Under giant footsteps trodden, hideous mass upon the floor.

Here the firemen all lie sodden, breathing steam, they'll breathe no more.

What is man's inventive power?

Now these banks are full and brimming, Ah ! there was some dreadful swimming ;

When the mines, the waters filling, then for life they seek the shore.

Like the snow from mountain alpine, so the waters filled the coal mine ;

Here the miners had such swimming as they never had before.

When the cloudburst, rivers filling, every creek twelve feet or more,

Fifty drowned at least or more.

Men who live by money loaning, their sad fate are now  
bemoaning ;

Bonds and mortgages are floating like a boat upon the  
seas.

Lawyers too are loudly groaning, not for sins that need  
atoning,

But for parchments, deeds and titles, what they call  
securities.

How secure are all your titles? tell us truly if you  
please,

When the future no man sees.

Here we go—there's no evading, waters deep we now  
are wading ;

Waters rushing, surging, foaming, where the cloud-  
burst spent its store.

Yonder see the fires are raging, all the firemen's time  
engaging,

While they extricate the wounded, bruised and injured  
many score ;

Homeless people by the hundred, homes have they on  
earth no more ;

May they gain the heavenly shore.

Ah ! there was some dreadful wailing from some  
boats for pleasure sailing,

Filled with merry-making people, on the lake too far  
from shore,

Struck by tempest and by lightning, bride and bride-  
groom sadly frightening ;

Suddenly the boat upsetting, scalding some and drown-  
ing more ;

Choice of death by fire or water when too far from  
shore,

Bride and bridegroom meet no more.

Yonder hall had many dancers, tripping lightly to the  
lancers ;  
Youth and beauty there were dancing, dancing on the  
varnished floor.  
Merrily they danced together, quite regardless of the  
weather ;  
Partners meeting and advancing, future happiness in  
store,  
What cared they for wind and weather, such things  
they had seen before.  
Thoughtless people, nothing more.

Some for charity go dancing, while the fiddlers bow  
goes glancing  
Up and down so gaily prancing, to the music's varied  
score.  
Others take delight in drilling, though no thought have  
they of spilling  
Blood, with broomstick, or with musket on the churches  
basement floor ;  
Brooms were never made for killing save in the mali-  
cious hour  
When we're in a woman's power.

Others too have gone romancing when it suits their  
fancy, glancing  
At the self-denying duties that attest religious power ;  
Though to heaven their eyes go glancing, on the road  
they're not advancing ;  
Though they give of their abundance a pittance to the  
poor,  
By no sentimental glancing shall we gain the heavenly  
door.  
Saith the word that's ever sure.

Not to fill the churches treasure, gay and young they  
danced for pleasure ;  
Raffling none where dames of leisure, raffle for the  
churches poor ;  
Danced they to the tuneful measure, like as Madame  
Pompadour ;  
Danced for Louis regius, pleasure prancing on the  
palace floor ;  
Danced that he might die at leisure and on earth be  
seen no more,  
Careless of his life-long score.

Where's the hall and where's the dancers, that so lately  
tripped the lancers ?  
Suddenly without monition, lightning strikes them to  
the floor ;  
Without warning or monition, without prayer or its  
contrition,  
Frightful was the walls collision, windows broken by  
the score.  
Here we lay them in submission to the power we all  
adore,  
Watching for our dying hour.

Here they lie, the bruised and strangled, O ! 'tis shock-  
ing how they're mangled ;  
Caught 'tween girders and the rafters, and the joists be-  
neath the floor,  
How their bloody clothes are tangled, here in ghastly  
rows they're mangled,  
Caught and held while flying to the ready open door.  
From such sudden death and dying, Lord deliver us  
forevermore,  
Meekly now we here implore.

Now physicians, surgeons, nurses, and good souls with  
open purses,  
Prompted by each generous feeling, all the sick and  
dying cheer.  
Crowds rush in, the rubbish clearing, smoky ruins  
little fearing.  
Food and clothing, tents and blankets now are sent  
from far and near ;  
Every man is a physician, every man's a volunteer.  
On some cheeks there's many a tear.

Where in bible or in shaster, shall we find such dire  
disaster?  
Coming fast, and coming faster on this nation every  
hour.  
Laws from heaven we're ignoring, therefore wrath is  
on us pouring ;  
Gods of gold are we adoring, can they save us by their  
power?  
Oaths and cursing, lies and swearing, many crimes lie  
at our door ;  
Open still is mercy's door.

Ere these bodies here we bury, summon now the judge  
and jury.  
Gentlemen there is no hurry, what's your verdict in the  
case ;  
Business men, ye wise or witty, say you will, great is  
the pity ;  
You who are so full of pity, from our doubts and fears  
release.  
Who sends evil on a city? who sent evil to to this  
place?  
Now with death we're face to face.



Give an answer with precision, fools may have us in derision.

"Winds came madly in collision, spent their fury in this place";

"Who gave the winds this high permission, have they no order or commission?"

"That's the whole of our admission, that's our verdict in the case;"

All the rest is superstition, priestcraft here we have to face.

There's no providence or grace.

Stormy winds (though sometimes killing) Gods behests are yet fulfilling;

Fire and snow and hail and vapor, working each as they are sent;

Were they sinners more than others? nay my friends, my sisters, brothers.

Save us Lord from second killing, now we would believe, repent,

In the day of power be willing in thy service to be spent,

For our lives are to us lent.

One short month that some call lunar with some longer, others sooner;

All's forgotten of the cyclone and its dread mysterious power.

Up the buildings soon are hurried, who for losses need be worried?

Back to dancing, feasting, revelling and the drama's witching power.

Let the past be ever buried, trouble now is past and o'er.

Thoughtless people evermore.

Forecasts both of hell and heaven are to us by nature  
given ;

Majesty benign and loving, gentle as an infant's breath.

Foretastes both of hell and heaven, unto man by God  
are given ;

Majesty sublime and awful, foretaste of eternal death,

Power almighty just and fateful, signal of the final  
wrath.

This is what the cyclone saith.

THE FOLLOWING IS A LIST OF THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE TORNADOES  
SINCE 1872. FROM THE REPORT OF THE CHIEF SIGNAL  
OFFICER AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

(1) November 22, 1874, Tuscumbia, Colbert County Ala. Struck the town at 6 p. m. Nearly half the town of 1,400 inhabitants destroyed. 10 persons killed and 30 wounded. 100 buildings damaged or destroyed. Loss \$100,000 estimated.

(2) May 6, 1876, Chicago, Cook County, Ill. Moved from SW. to NE. accompanied by rain, thunder and lightning. Bounding like a ball it apparently reached the ground but two or three times. Loss \$250,000.

(3) June 4, 1877, Mount Carmel, Wabash County, Ill. 200 to 400 feet wide. Great destruction of property. 16 killed, 100 wounded. Loss \$400,000.

(4) July 7, 1877, Pensaukee, Oconto County, Wis. Moved from NW. to SE. lasting about two minutes. 8 killed, many wounded. Loss \$300,000.

(5) June 1, 1878, Richmond, Ray County, Mo. Entered the town at 4:05 p. m. from the south sweeping everything clean. Heavy sills 18 inches square and 16 feet long were swept away. Path through the city 750 feet wide and 1 mile long in which space not a single house was left. 13 killed, 70 wounded, 100 buildings destroyed. Loss \$100,000 estimated.

(6) August 9, 1878, Wallingford, New Haven County, Conn. At 5:45 a dark cloud approached from the west. "Electricity of the most terrific kind filled the air." "Straight rods of fire came down from the sides of the cloud to the earth." The debris of houses were scattered along in parallel lines as though a mighty river had passed. The greatest destruction occurred in a path 400 feet wide and  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile long. 34 killed, 70 wounded, 40 dwellings, 50 barns, 1 church and 1 schoolhouse were destroyed or badly damaged. Loss \$200,000.

(7) April 14, 1879, Collinsville, Madison County, Ill. Struck town at 2:45 p. m. Nearly every grave-stone in cemetery was leveled. 1 killed, several wounded, 60 buildings destroyed. Loss \$50,000.

(8) April 16, 1879, Walterboro, Colleton County, S. C. Rain-fall after tornado, which struck at 3:45 p. m., was unprecedented. Wind on north side had a downward crushing tendency,

on the south side an upward lifting action. 4 people saw balls of lightning running along the ground. 16 killed, 50 buildings destroyed. Loss \$200,000.

(9) March 4, 1880, Indianapolis, Marion County, Ind. Moved from SW. to NE. with a zigzag course through the city. Loss \$100,000.

(10) April 18, 1880, Fayetteville, Washington County, Ark. Struck town at 8:30 p. m. Not a building escaped in its path, 90 feet wide, through the town. 2 killed, 20 to 30 injured, 100 buildings destroyed. Loss \$100,000.

(11) April 18, 1880, Marshfield, Webster County, Mo. Struck at 5 p. m., near town, trees 3 feet in diameter, for a space several hundred yards wide, were lifted entirely out of the ground. Every house in the town of 2,000 people was destroyed or badly damaged. 65 killed, 200 wounded. Loss \$110,000.

(12) April 18, 1880, Licking, Texas County, Mo. Struck at 8:15 p. m. Entire town of 388 people destroyed, except 3 houses; 1 killed, 17 wounded, 65 houses destroyed. Loss \$50,000.

(13) April 18, 1880, Beloit, Rock County, Wis. Struck at 5 p. m. Moved from SW. to NE. Several killed, many injured, many houses destroyed. Loss \$75,000.

(14) April 24, 1880, Taylorville, Christian County, Ill. Struck at 7 p. m. 6 killed, 25 houses destroyed. Loss \$60,000.

(15) April 25, 1880, Macon, Noxubee County, Miss. Struck at 8:30 p. m. 22 killed, 72 injured, 55 buildings destroyed. Loss \$100,000.

(16) May 10, 1880, Arrowsmith, McLean County, Ill. Loss \$100,000.

(17) May 28, 1880, Savoy, Fannin County, Tex. Time 10 p. m. Town almost destroyed. 15 killed, 60 wounded, 48 buildings razed. Loss \$50,000.

(18) June 14, 1880, Glendale, Hamilton County, Ohio. Time 8 p. m. Loss \$80,000.

(19) April 12, 1881, Hernando, De Soto County, Miss. In some spots hailstones as large as hens' eggs fell. Electricity and thunder not seen nor heard. 10 killed, 25 buildings demolished. Loss \$50,000 estimated.

(20) June 12, 1881, Jackson, Andrew County, Mo. A great deal of destruction occurred at King City, DeKalb County. In county and vicinity 5 killed, 80 buildings razed. Loss \$250,000.

(21) July 15, 1881, New Elm, Brown County, Minn. 6 killed, 53 wounded, nearly 300 buildings destroyed or seriously damaged. Loss in town \$174,677.

(22) September 24, 1881, Quincy, Adams County, Ill. Time 5 p. m. Storm accompanied by terrific lightning and thunder. 9 killed, 21 buildings razed. Loss \$100,000.

(23) April 18, 1882, Brownsville, Saline County, Mo. Time 4:20 p. m. 11 killed, 10 brick houses, 40 others and 1 school razed. Loss \$150,000.

(24) May 8, 1882, McKinney, Cleveland County, Ark. 50 buildings destroyed. Loss \$30,000.

(25) May 8, 1882, Mount Ida, Montgomery County, Ark. Time 5:30 p. m. 2 killed, 100 buildings demolished. Loss \$50,000.

(26) June 17, 1882, Grinnell, Poweshiek County, Iowa. Time 8:45 a. m. 60 killed, 150 injured, 140 houses reduced to ruins in 5 minutes. Loss \$600,000.

(27) April 22, 1883, Beauregard, Copiah County, Miss. Time 3 p. m. Every house and store destroyed in the town of 600 people. Solid iron screw of a cottonpress weighing 675 pounds was carried 900 feet. 29 killed, 40 wounded. Loss \$450,000.

(28) April 22, 1883, Wesson, Copiah County, Miss. 13 killed, 60 injured, 27 houses destroyed. Loss \$20,000.

(29) May 13, 1883, Kansas City, Jackson County, Mo. Time 8:30 p. m. 200 houses destroyed. Loss in town and vicinity. \$300,000.

(30) May 13, 1883, Macon City, Macon County, Mo. Time 8:30 p. m. 5 killed, 107 buildings razed. Loss \$150,000. This destruction and loss may include the whole county.

(31) May 13, 1883, Oronogo, Jasper County, Mo. 6 killed, 33 injured, nearly all houses destroyed. Loss \$75,000.

(32) May 18, 1883, Racine, Racine County, Wis. Time 7 p. m. 16 killed, 100 injured. Loss \$75,000.

(33) June 2, 1883, Greenville, Hunt County, Tex. Time 7:15 p. m. 1 killed, several wounded, 40 houses razed. Loss \$70,000.

(34) June 11, 1883, Brush Creek, Fayette County, Iowa. Town one third destroyed. Loss \$40,000.

(35) August 21, 1883, Rochester, Olmsted County, Minn. Time 6:36 p. m. Large part of town destroyed. 26 killed, 135 houses destroyed. Loss in county \$200,000.

(36) February 19, 1884, Leeds, Jefferson County, Ala. Time 1:20 p. m. Hail of unusual size. 11 killed, 31 wounded, 27 houses and many barns destroyed. Loss \$80,000, estimated.

(37) April 27, 1884, Jamestown, Green County, Ohio. Time 5 p. m. 6 killed, two-thirds of buildings destroyed. Loss \$200,000.

(38) July 21, 1884, Dell Rapids, Minnehaha County, Dak. Time 3:05 p. m. 7 killed, many buildings destroyed. Loss \$100,000.

(39) September 9, 1884, Clear Lake, Polk County, Wis. Time 5 p. m. Greater part of town in ruins. 3 killed, 40 buildings destroyed. Loss \$150,000.

(40) August 3, 1885, Camden, Camden County, N. J. Time 3:20 p. m. Path from one to two squares wide. 6 killed, 100 injured. 500 houses razed or unroofed. Loss \$500,000.

(41) September 8, 1885, Washington Court House, Fayette County, Ohio. Time 7:30 p. m. Width of path 250 feet. Town almost destroyed. 6 killed, 100 injured, 40 business houses and 20 residences razed. Loss \$500,000.

(42) April 14, 1886, Coon Rapids, Carroll County, Iowa. Time 5:05 p. m. 1 killed, 32 buildings razed. Loss \$55,000.

(43) April 14, 1886, St. Cloud, Sterns County, and Sauk Rapids, Benton County, Minn. 74 killed, 136 wounded, 138 buildings destroyed. Loss \$400,000.

(44) May 11, 1886, Kansas City, Jackson County, Mo. 33 killed. Loss \$100,000, estimated.

(45) May 12, 1886, Attica, Fountain County, Ind. Time about 6 p. m. In vicinity 9 killed, 200 houses razed. Loss \$200,000.

(46) April 15, 1887, St. Clairsville and Martin's Ferry, Belmont County, Ohio. Time 3:20 p. m. None killed. About 200 buildings of all kinds demolished. Loss \$250,000.

(47) April 21, 1887, Prescott, Linn County, Kans. Time 5:30 p. m. 20 killed, 237 wounded, 330 buildings razed in the vicinity. Loss \$150,000.

(48) April 22, 1887, Mount Carmel (near), Wabash County, Ill. Time 6 p. m. 2 killed, several wounded, everything in path destroyed. Loss \$50,000.

(49) April 22, 1887, Clarksville (near), Johnson County, Ark. Time 6:30 a. m. 20 killed, 75 to 100 injured in vicinity. Loss \$150,000.

(50) June 16, 1887, Grand Forks, Grand Forks County, Dak. Time 3:22 p. m. 4 killed, 50 or more houses, besides hundreds of barns, etc., razed. Loss, \$150,000.

(51) February 19, 1888, Mount Vernon, Jefferson County, Ill. 18 killed, 54 wounded, 100 buildings razed. Loss \$400,000.

(52) May 27, 1888, Hillsboro, Hill County, Tex. Many buildings destroyed. Loss \$100,000.

(53) August 21, 1888, Wilmington, New Castle County, Del. 1 killed, 20 wounded. Loss \$100,000 to \$200,000.

(54) January 9, 1889, Brooklyn, Kings County, N. Y. Time, 7:40 p. m. (Eastern). Width 500 to 600 feet; length 2 miles; whirl from right to left. Roar heard 10 or 15 minutes before. Loss \$300,000.

(55) January 9, 1889, Reading, Berks County, Pa. Time 5:40 p. m. Swept from west to east in a path 60 to 100 feet wide. Wind often seemed to crush from above; 40 killed. Loss \$200,000, estimated.

(56) January 12, 1890, St. Louis, St. Louis County, Mo. Time, 4 p. m. Moved to northeast in a path 500 to 2,000 feet wide.

Heavy rain for three minutes. Greatest damage where path was narrowest. 3 killed, 100 houses razed. Loss \$250,000.

(57) March 27, 1890, Metropolis, Massac County, Ill. 1 killed, 50 injured. Loss \$150,000.

(58) March 27, 1890, Louisville, Jefferson County, Ky. Time 7:30 p. m. Path at beginning 600 feet, as it left the city, 1,500 feet. Cloud did not quite reach the earth. Great damage to property 76 killed, 200 injured. Loss, \$2,250,000.

This list comprises all the most destructive storms that have been reported as far as a definite locality was mentioned. It has been found exceedingly difficult to determine the loss in many cases, because an estimate has evidently been made of the loss to crops, orchards, etc., from the rain, hail, and floods that accompanied the tornado, and not the wind itself. Again, the loss reported evidently referred to a large region in the country and not to any specific town. Some of these may be enumerated as follows:

	Loss.
June 12, 1881, DeKalb and other counties in Mo.....	\$200,000
November 5, 1883, Greene and other counties in Mo.....	150,000
November 21, 1883, Izard County, Ark.....	300,000
April 14, 1886, Cass County, Iowa.....	160,000
May 11, 1886, Pettis and other counties in Mo.....	500,000
May 12, 1886, Greene and other counties in Ohio.....	1,000,000
May 14, 1886, Hardin and other counties in Ohio.....	720,000
May 14, 1886, Huron County, Ohio.....	500,000
May 14, 1886, Seneca County, Ohio.....	300,000
May 14, 1886, Mercer County, Ohio.....	250,000

It is highly probable that in some of these cases the losses from one county have been estimated in another, though this has been avoided as much as possible. It is very much to be hoped that more definite estimates will be made in the future. The loss to structures by the wind should be carefully distinguished from the loss of every other kind, by hail or flood and to crops, stock or orchards.

H. A. HAZEN,

*Assistant Professor, Signal Office.*

#### DESTRUCTIVE TORNADOS OF 1892.

March 31, Townada, Kansas; May 27, Wellington, Kansas; June 30, Gloucester, New Jersey; July 3, Easton, Pa.; July 6, New Orleans and Baton Rouge, La.; July 13, Peoria, Ill.; July 13, Springfield, Ill.; July 13, Philadelphia, Pa.; November 18, Red Bud, Ill.; November 28, San Francisco, Cal.; November 28, Maryland and Virginia; March 5, 1893, Mississippi and Georgia.







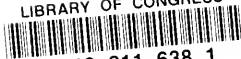
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